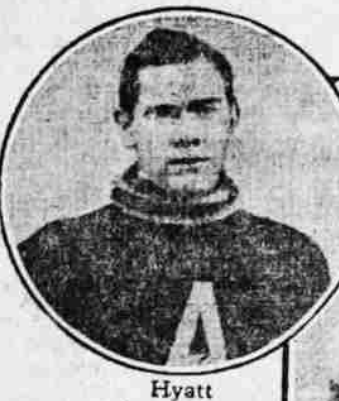


## WEST POINT'S "NEVER-SAY-DIE" FOOTBALL WARRIORS

INDOMITABLE Spirit of the Cadet Athletes Who, Drawing from a Small Undergraduate Body, Marshal Elevens That Battle on an Equal Footing with Those of Big Universities.



Arnold



Hyatt



Captain Daly

Just save them all until that date. That is the one game that you must win. The success of a football season depends entirely on the winning or losing of the Navy game. It is usually with a dogged determination to do or die that the Army team lines up with its rival, the Navy.

Three years ago the Army was credited with having a fighting chance to beat the Navy. It took that chance and won. According to James J. Hogan, formerly Yale captain, "The Army had the traditional Army spirit. That was the spirit that enabled West Point not only to hold off but also to beat her rival."

This interest in the Army-Navy football game continues not only while in the academy, but also after

though to cover the bet they must borrow. They trusted their team and that team won.

The fierceness of this spirit is illustrated by the terrible struggle physically for which West Point is noted. No better example of fierceness of play can be drawn than the playing of Cadet Eugene A. Byrne, who died on the football field in the fall of 1909.

The cadet team was playing the much heavier Harvard team. The stands were lined with spectators—sweethearts, friends, Harvard followers and others. A magnificent sight, as the thousands of pennants fluttered in the air—black, gold and gray mingled with the Harvard crimson. Sharp and crisp through the chilly afternoon came the yells of the West Pointers as they urged their team to the fight. Harvard was fighting desperately. For forty minutes the Crimson eleven had thrown itself hopelessly against the ever fighting cadets. The soldiers were playing on their nerve. Time and time again Minot, the powerful Harvard fullback, was launched against the army line. Each time he was thrown back.

The bulk of the defence had shifted on Byrne at left tackle. Three times in succession he stopped Minot in his terrific plunges. He was fighting his battle—the battle of life. After stopping the third play Byrne remained motionless on the ground. The Army trainer's bottle of ice water failed to help. Vainly "I the cadets cheer for 'lei," as he was called, to get up. He responded to neither.

When you meet the rovers of the sea  
And struggle hand to hand.  
Remember, in that hour supreme,  
We all behind you stand.  
Let black recall our past defeats.  
The present struggle gray—  
But victory is brightest gold  
That you shall win that day."

Another is—

"The Army team's pride and dream  
Of every heart in gray  
The Army line you'll ever find  
A terror in the fray;  
And when this team is fighting  
For the black and gray and gold,  
We're always near with song and cheer,  
And this is the thing we're told—  
On, brave old Army team,  
On to the fray;  
Fight on to victory,  
For that's the fearless Army way."

There is another little song that has been in the corps for years which has a tune all its own. It is—

"Away, away, away we go:  
What care we for any foe?  
Up and down the field we go  
Just to beat the Navy."

In all of the Army songs there are always some words about the Navy that are calculated to put spirit into the team. The word "navy" to a cadet in a football uniform has the same effect that a lighted match would have in a barrel of gasoline. The hope that some day he might play football against the Navy has kept many a cadet plugging on the scrubs each year.

In connection with playing the Navy there is a superstition at West Point which is worth mentioning. There are six companies in the battalion of cadets—A, B, C, D, E and F. A and F companies compose the "Flankers" and the other four the "Runts." Each year, on the day before the Navy game, there is a game called the "Runt-Flanker game." It is played between two teams chosen from



He Was Fighting the Battle of His Life



Byrne



Rullen



Beavers



Devore



Wood



Littlejohn

the plebes of the Runt companies and Flanker companies respectively. The superstition lies in the supposition that whenever the Runts are victorious the Army will surely beat the Navy the next day, or vice versa. Only once has the superstition failed, and that failure occurred last year, when the Navy beat the Army, although the Runts had kicked the flankers.

Some people are wont to call West Pointers tin soldiers and such. They are thin waisted, true enough, and the majority thin enough, for their form of life necessitates these two conditions. However, their showing in football ranks them as men.

Few are the big colleges who do not feel nervous when they come up to play the cadets. They realize that they will have to fight to the last second of the game. The cadets, being light, always have a few tricks up their sleeves, and there is no telling when these tricks may be practised. There is no game that Yale fears half as much as does her game with West Point. Yale always outweighs the cadets, but Yale herself realizes that her weight will gain her little against such a team as that of the Academy.

First Played in 1838.

Football was played at the Academy as early as 1838. It was played for about ten years and died out about 1849. In 1863 the cadets obtained permission to play football, and since that time it has been played more or less with considerable success. For the last few years the system of graduate coaches has been in vogue, with marked improvement in the teams. The system of graduate coaches at West Point was perfected by Lieutenant Henry M. Nelly, who for the last four years has been head coach. Lieutenant Nelly played on the Academy team in 1902 and is thoroughly acquainted with the game, both old and new. Under the new rules he has developed some wonderful teams at West Point in the last four years. His absence this year, he having been relieved, will be deeply felt. Lieutenant Nelly used to tell the men, "Whenever you see a Middy give him something to put in his lucky bag."

West Point's showing against the larger colleges has been wonderful, considering the difference in size of the Academy and the colleges. Last season she beat Yale 10-0 and was beaten by Harvard by the small score of 6-0. She was beaten by the Navy 5-0. Whenever she is beaten by the larger colleges the scores are always small and the games hard won.

Up to 1911 the Army and Navy teams were tied, each team having seven victories to its credit—the first Army-Navy game having been played in 1890. There have been several ties. This year the rubber will be played, and at present the Army's chances seem very bright. From her last year's stars and veterans she has Arnold at center, Dean at half, Hyatt at quarter, Devore and Littlejohn at tackles and Wood at end. Besides, she has other seasoned men who are invaluable in pinches.

West Point in the past has turned out some wonderful players, such as Daly, All-American quarter, Farnsworth, All-American; Beavers and Rullen. There is Tipton, of 1905, who, playing center against the Navy, stopped a kick-off and kicked the ball along the ground through the entire Navy team, and finally fell on the ball behind the Navy's goal line, scoring a touchdown. These and many others constitute the roll of football heroes at West Point. Their deeds are at the end of every cadet's tongue. Their names are inscribed in the football archives at the Academy. The Duke of Wellington aptly said that England's generals are made on the football field. So are many of the generals of the United States made on the football field at West Point. There it is that they have their daily drills in serving their country, and there it is that they first learn to fight for West Point and their country. And, as has been lately shown, they are ever as ready to give their lives on the football field as they are to give them on the battlefield.

FOOTBALL at West Point differs essentially from that at any other American institution of learning in three important characteristics, namely, the preparation of the teams, the spirit that backs the teams and the showing made by the West Point teams. West Point in these respects differs even from Annapolis and must be in a class apart from Annapolis, for the latter outnumbers West Point by almost five hundred men.

It is customary in the larger colleges to have spring and summer football practice, and, besides, the football men always report for practice before the fall session begins. There is no such condition of affairs at West Point. As a matter of fact, the cadets do not start active football practice until about the tenth day of September. None of them gets a football suit until about three weeks or less before their first game.

In view of these facts, one may readily ask the question: How is it that West Point always turns out a good team? Ho! Is it so short a time can she develop a team which is always ready when the first game starts?

It may seem curious, but all who are interested in West Point teams have always found that when the time came the army team was ready and delivered the goods.

At West Point on or about September 10 each year there is always a call to the corps for men to come out for the team. And always there is the same hearty response. None is too small to try. The result is that each year about one-fourth of the corps—numbering four hundred—turns out for football. No rule exists at the academy that the first year man cannot try for the team. There are only two restrictions on football. These are that all the men must be proficient in their academic duties and in their conduct. The plebe—as the first year man is called—has as much chance for the team as any of the upper class men.

The teams are coached by army officers who were former players on the academy teams. The coaches have their hands full, for in less than three weeks they must get the best team out of the numerous candidates. The task of weeding out the good material from the plebes is a hard job for the coaches. Of course, the material from the three upper classes is usually known from the preceding year, but the problem of getting the good men from the plebes is a difficult undertaking. However, with the aid of the veteran players, several good men are always developed from the plebes. The "weeding out" continues until just before the first game, when the squad is divided into two squads, the first squad and the second, or "Cullum Hall" squad. About thirty men are kept on the first squad and they compose the varsity, scrub and sub-scrub teams.

#### Games with Military Academies.

The first squad receives the attention of all of the coaches except two. These two coach the Cullum Hall team, composed of men from the second squad. The Cullum Hall team derives its name from the field on which it practices. The field is located in front of the Cullum Memorial Hall. This team plays several games each season with the various military academies along the Hudson. The coaches are also very much hampered by drills and the duties of the cadets. During the first two months of practice there is less than two hours available each day for football practice. With drills, parades and guard mountings, in addition to their academic duties, one can readily figure how little time is left.

The football men usually go on the field about five o'clock in the afternoon and they have supper at half-past six. During this hour and a half the cadets have no duties. This short time for practice continues until November 1. After this date parades and drills are discontinued, and consequently there is about an hour extra for practice during the month of November. The following schedule shows how the cadet's time is taken up by his various duties.

Reveille	6:00 A. M.
Breakfast	6:30 A. M.
Study hour	7:00 A. M.-7:55 A. M.
Academic duties	8:00 A. M.-12:00 M.
Dinner	12:15 P. M.-1:00 P. M.
Academic duties	1:30 P. M.-3:30 P. M.
Drills	3:40 P. M.-4:40 P. M.
Parade	4:50 P. M.-5:20 P. M.
Guard mounting (once a week)	5:20 P. M.-6:50 P. M.
Supper	6:30 P. M.-6:50 P. M.
Supper at 6 P. M. after November 1.	
Taps	10:00 P. M.
Untill November 1.	
Untill October 1.	

There are no elaborate training tables at West Point such as the other colleges have. No corps of trained rubbers and masseurs. No fancy dishes prepared by cooks hired especially for the purpose. The only thing in the way of training tables at the academy are the "toast tables." The football men are seated at these and their only departure from the regular fare lies in the toast, which is bountifully supplied. There is usually a trainer for the football team who looks after the men's general physical condition. He, assisted by several enlisted men from the Hospital Corps of the Army, attend to all of the bruises and sprains of the players. His chief expedient is a bottle of ice water. This year West Point has obtained a new trainer. Of course, it may require less time for the cadets to become proficient in football by reason of their accustomed good physical condition. Even this condition is not such that it would enable the cadet to stand the grind of two thirty-minute halves. Surely there is something else which must help these men put out the teams they do. Cadets are almost all good hard bone and muscle; frail they may seem when viewed on parade, thin waisted and brittle. The army's teams have always been light, usually averaging between 165 and 170 pounds.

As a matter of fact these men play on their nerve. They are a bunch of muscle and nerves when in action. They throw self to the winds, for they are fighting for the corps, and they realize that the corps is backing them to a man. It is their nerve which enables them to throw themselves with irresistible force against the lines of their heavier opponents. This uphill fight has continued for so long that it is now traditional. If the reader should happen to witness any of the football games at West Point let him sometimes note the expression on the face of each player.

"His face is earnest and careful as he glances a last time over his array—but full of peace and hope—the son of God I hope to see on my general's face when I go out to fight."

—Tom Brown at Rugby.

In most of the larger colleges one always finds a varying amount of favoritism shown to athletes, and particularly to football men. That characteristic is entirely missing at West Point. Athlete or no athlete, the West Pointer must keep proficient in his studies, for he knows that although he may be the star on the football field he must do his class room work satisfactorily. Every one knows that studies at West Point are not the easiest, and it is no easy job to prepare hard lessons after an afternoon's football practice.

#### ishment of a Star End.

In the fall of 1909 one of the star ends for the West Point team was walking tours during the entire season. True, his services were needed, for he was a star, but nothing could alter the order compelling him to severe punishment. No favoritism existed there. Football prowess could not outrank the orders of the superintendent. One can little appreciate the feelings of this cadet who, walking tours, was called an "area bird," as he could hear the cheers and yells from the football field.

Almost each year the cadets have to devise means so as to make the best of the short time allowed them for practice. Some of their expedients are unique. In 1908, as the days began to get shorter, the cadets could not see the ball in the late afternoon. The night would fall early and would prevent further practice. A half hour was lost each afternoon from practice. In order not to lose this available time from the small time allowed for practice the coaches caused several footballs to be painted white, and each afternoon after dark the teams continued their practice and the precious half hour was not lost.

At no other institution does the spirit of football play so important a part of the game as at the academy. The corps know that their team has not the splendid preparation that outside teams have and they—the corps—realize that they themselves must stand behind that team and back it to the end. Really a feature of football at West Point is the spirit exhibited by the teams and by the corps. This spirit is traditional and is called "corps spirit." Every cadet has it instilled into him on his entrance to the academy. It is such a spirit which, winning or losing, shows itself to the end. It is a spirit that makes the cadet rooters cheer their team whether it is losing or winning. The corps never stop cheering and urging their team on to the fight.

In 1908, at the Navy game in Philadelphia, some one started the words "Fight! Fight! Fight!" through the West Point stands. Immediately it spread through the corps, and all through the game the stadium reverberated with this stirring slogan. It reached the team and put new spirit into their bodies. They won the game by realizing that every man in the corps was behind them. What an incentive to a man to do his best! In the yearly publication—the Howitzer—at the academy in 1909 there appeared a poem written on the three words, "Fight! Fight! Fight!" The first verse tells of the game where the words originated:

"Tense is the strain in the stands to day,  
Six to four, and the Army leads!  
And, charging in vain against the line of gray,  
The shattered Navy attack recedes.  
For the thought that nerves every Army's son  
Is not the renown of an athlete's might,  
But the call of the corps, that swells in one  
Reverberant chorus, 'Fight! Fight! Fight!'"

Of course every one knows of the proverbial rivalry between West Point and Annapolis—the Army and the Navy game. The "Navy game" is "the" game, and, in fact, the only game that is really coveted. As the coaches always tell the team, "You're playing other games just to practise for the Navy. There is only one game that you're after. That game comes on November 27, and if you have any little kicks to make

graduation, for officers in the most remote posts go to the most extraordinary means to hear from this game. Several years ago an officer in the interior of one of the Philippine Islands rode fifty miles through a country infested with Moros to get the news of the game and to carry it back to the other officers, who were feverishly awaiting his return. In the States all the officers who can possibly get leaves always attend the Navy game at Philadelphia. The spirit of West Point is so imbedded that we see grizzled haired generals in full uniform watching the game.

Even the President and the Cabinet attend, for they have caught the spirit from army officers. Any one who has ever witnessed an Army-Navy game can never forget the spectacle. Nor can he forget the spirit which exhibited itself as the West Pointers arose as one to salute their team with the now famous "Long Corps Yell." Old men, boys, wives and sweethearts can still remember the fierceness with which the cadets urged their team on to the fray.

There is a large bet placed at even money between the two academies. It is against the rules, but each year several first classmen act as "betting commissioners." All of the cadets get money, and, sub rosa, place it with the commissioners. The money is taken to Philadelphia in a cigar box, and after the game the commissioners of the two academies meet and settle up. The bet is usually about \$5,000 a side. In 1908, about ten minutes before the corps left for the Navy game, the commissioners received a telegram from the Navy men asking them for an additional bet of \$2,000. The commissioners met in a hurry and decided that they—there were ten of them—would cover the \$2,000. The telegram was answered in the affirmative, although the bet was not made until after the game.

#### "NAWN OF THIM IN THE AR-R-RMY."

In City Hall Park, New York city, a recruiting officer and an aid, both in khaki, stood. A United States poster call for troopers appeared in a conspicuous place on a busy walk and they parolled back and forth behind it with plenty of military dignity.

Pedestrians who paused to scrutinize the poster were not noticed by the two soldiers, but presently the aid halted and completely abandoned his military demeanor. He smiled and nodded amiably and chatted with a light civilian informality.

The superior officer, an Irish veteran, went on patrolling with a haughty and lighter expression. Suddenly he stopped and said, explosively, to nobody in particular—

"They don't want nawn av thim in the ar-r-rmy!"

Then he went on patrolling impersonally as before. His aid, a young man of soldierly presence, resumed his stride with a return to his military bearing, and the winsome girl with whom he had been conversing looked back at him wistfully over her shoulder as she finally departed.

Surgeons were called from the side lines. Artificial respiration was started and continued to the end. The vast crowd, bright colors and sad cadets filed slowly from the grand stands. The cheering ceased and a deep silence pervaded the field. Few spoke, for each realized what the other would say. The pennants were furled and night came over the field. A stretcher had been summoned and Byrne was removed to the cadet hospital. A hasty examination revealed a fractured neck and paralysis of the respiratory nerves.

Anxiously did the cadets wait for news. At "taps" that night a reassuring bulletin from the hospital put fresh hope into the corps. Many were the prayers that ascended to God that night that He might succor their beloved classmate. Few slept.

Through the long night artificial respiration continued. Only once did Byrne regain consciousness. He asked his father, who was sitting beside him, "Did we win?" That's the spirit he had, and with that same spirit he left the earth. The next morning, Sunday, just as the reveille gun boomed out a new day, he passed peacefully and quietly into the Great Beyond, still carrying with him that corps spirit which had helped him stop those terrific plays and which was now helping him face his Maker with the words "Well done" emblazoned on his soul.

For three days West Point's football hero lay in state. He was buried with all the honors of war in the uniform for which he had given his life. Dry eyes were few as the last salute was fired and the bugles played "taps" over the grave of the one who had exemplified what true corps spirit was.

In the year book of the class of 1910 there appears the following beautiful tribute to Byrne:

"He lost his life in a football game, giving it for our academy in a struggle in which there was no bitterness. What better death can a Christian ask than to die like this, fighting a good fight?"

"Generous in his dealings, sympathetic in his friendship, lei was an ideal classmate and comrade. Devout in his religious principles, careful in his devotions and life, he has given us such an example that it is with pride we answer to his name at this our graduation rollcall. 'Died on the field of honor!'"

The manner in which the football teams are backed by the corps is also illustrated by the songs which are practised so much that every man knows them perfectly. There is a song for every emergency. The most famous of these is one which forms a part of the academy song "Benny Havens." It runs thus—

"Then here's to you, Old Glory team,  
That downs the strongest foes.  
You're Benny Havens' stoutest sons,  
On you our hopes repose.  
On the mountains by old Hudson's shore  
Your deeds have been our theme;  
But victors or defeated, men,  
You're still the Army team."

Next Week, "Great Universities' Army of Football Scouts"